

The Mirror

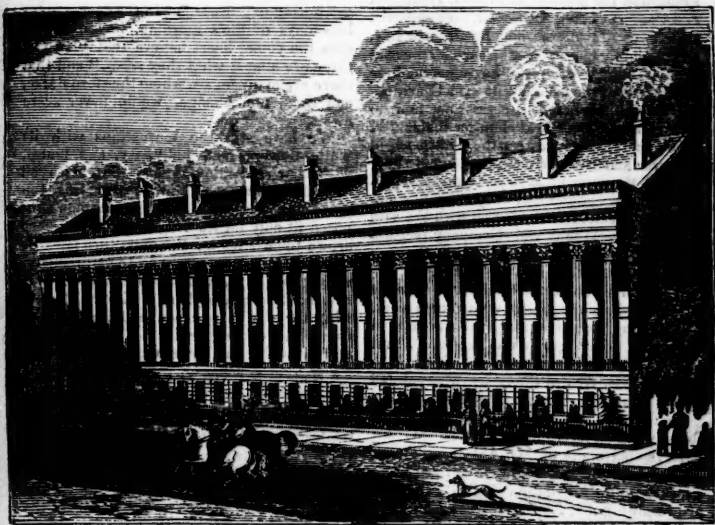
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 864.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1837.

[Price 2d.]

NEW-YORK.



LA GRANGE TERRACE, LAFAYETTE PLACE.

Or a truth, this superb specimen of transatlantic embellishment almost eclipses the terraces of our Regent's Park, overloaded as they are with ornament and fantastic design. Its material is far more costly than artificial stone; for it is of white marble, the material of Rome in the Augustan age; so that in art, the Americans may be said to have begun where the Romans left off.

The handsome appearance of this Terrace even justifies the encomiastic description of it in the letter-press to the *New York Views*.

"There is no city in the Modern World, judging from the rapidity with which splendid structures are continually erected, that has made greater progress toward the appropriate magnificence of a great metropolis, than New York.

"When we recollect that the very site now occupied by the stately range of Le Roy Place, Bond-street, and La Grange Terrace, was but a few years past, the seat of the forest and morass, we may well wonder at the advancement we have made, and almost ask

in amazement if this be indeed the city where, not a century since, the gable-fronted mansions of the Knickerbockers were considered the highest acme of architectural splendour.

"Of all the modern improvements which characterize our city, the sumptuous row of houses in Lafayette place, called after the seat of the venerable Patriot La Grange Terrace, and of which we present an accurate engraving, is the most imposing and magnificent.

"These costly houses are universally allowed to be unequalled for grandeur and effect. They are built of white marble, the front supported by a rich colonnade of fluted Corinthian columns, resting on the basement story, which is of the Egyptian order of architecture. They were designed and built entirely by Mr. Geer, and all the stone work was executed by the State prisoners at Sing Sing. One of the houses was sold not long since, for 26,500 dollars, a sum greatly below its value."

THE LORD MAYOR'S STATE COACH.

THE following is an Extract from the Report of the Committee appointed by the Court of Common Council, relative to the Repairs of the Lord Mayor's State Coach:—*

"That having directed advertisements to be issued, and having received two proposals only, they proceeded to examine and consider the same, and the proposal of Messrs. Houlditch and Company being the lowest, they approved thereof, viz. to substantially repair, new line, and re-gild the present State Coach for the sum of £600, and to complete the same in three months, from the time of the said Coach being delivered into their possession, and to provide a new state seat-cloth for the sum of £90; and, further, to keep the said Coach in fair wear and tear for ten years, upon being allowed the sum of £48 *per annum*. And they were of opinion that they should be empowered to enter into a contract with the said Messrs. Houlditch and Company accordingly."—*Minutes of the Court of Common Council*, 24th March, 1812, p. 171.

The roof of the State Coach was formerly ornamented in the centre with carved work, representing four boys supporting baskets of fruit, &c., which group was removed about fifteen years ago.

The panels, &c., of the Coach, were painted by Cipriani.

The present hammer-cloth was substituted for one of gold lace.

In the mayoralty of Mr. Alderman Thorp, 1821, the Coach was also then re-lined at an expense to the Corporation of £197. 19s. 3d., after allowing £8. 5s. 9d. for the gold lace.

The coachman receives annually from the Corporation £3. 3s. 0d., for taking care of the Coach; and the postilion £1. 1s. 0d. in lieu of his perquisite of the old saddle.

A CORRESPONDENT.

NOVEMBER.

"WILD November hath his bugle wound;" scarcely a red leaf remains, the poplar and the elder point their bare branches through the dim and misty air, and brown and desolate are the few remaining traces of the year's bygone beauty. 'Tis like some aged face, in which we are told the faultless feature, and the rosy smile of beauty once abode, despite its present wrinkled repulsiveness, in which we look in vain for traces of what was once called fair;—for the eyes are dim, that once "discoursed" such eloquent language,—the cheek is sunk and pale, once dimpled into smiles,—the ivory brow is dark, and lined with care,—and we turn from the human wreck, and feel that we require faith to believe that "such things were." Even so does this most unlively November day seem like some "withered eld," mourning the leafy hours and

* Engraved in the Mirror, No. 860.

gentle zephyrs gone. The flowers have all departed, all,—save the "winter's lone, beautiful rose," which Mrs. Opie has so aptly compared to the friend in adversity, who stays to cheer us through the storm. And, as we look on thee, sweet flower, with thy faded leaves dripping with the humid air, we are reminded of our once fond belief that such faithfulness existed even in this "working-day world." In the dear, credulous days of life's morning, how naturally does the young heart believe that "two or three are almost what they seem," and that there are many for us, whom the stern nurse, and time, and change, would never scare away.

We have still the laurustinus with its white flowers, and holly, ivy, and laurel, with their refreshing green; but, with all appliances, we are fain to call this the gloomy month, which the Frenchman supposed fit only for *les Anglaises* to hang or drown themselves in. We must turn inwards and in-doors for resources on the still, misty, melancholy days, which so often occur this month. Scarcely is there a withered leaf to stir; the sky is one sad and leaden hue, damp and oppressive is the air, cheerless and uninviting the scene without—

"Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire!"

The weather is pronounced unhealthy; winter clothing is brought to light, and winter comforts are resorted to; we turn to the "bonny blythe blink" of the fire-side, and gather round us those employments which are the best armour against the dreariness of the season. The evenings close in early, and what but books and social converse can beguile their otherwise weary length? While reading, we are in the company of the wisest and the best; we are imbibing their best thoughts, their brightest fancies, and profiting by their sound experience and observation; we are with them in their best moods, when they have separated themselves for some brief moments from the cares of earth, and are communing with their better natures, expatiating in the world of intelligence, and casting off the chains that bind them to the world. True, we may not reply to them; but with some answering mind, we may discuss their excellencies, and descant on their peculiarities until we become familiar with the master-spirits who have passed away. Then, let the lamp be lighted, and the bright page of wit, history, or song, before the mind be spread; and though the rain "beats on the wintry pane" it disturbs us not, or is only soothing to minds so occupied. The bountiful Giver of all good hath so done his marvellous works, "that all conspire to promote pleasure." "The day is thine, the night is thine, thou hast made

summer and winter." Amongst the thousand subjects of gratitude which surround us, and which tell that we were formed to enjoy, as well as to suffer, not the least striking is the alternation of the seasons, which in their annual round present us with such fair variety. For though November's blast blow chill and drear, though the woods be bleak and bare, and the wild choristers have ceased their melody, and the sky be without one gladdening ray,—we may still join the sweet bard of the seasons in his hymn, and say, I cannot go

"Where universal love not smiles below!"

ANNE R.—

Manners and Customs.

NOTES FROM A PARTY OF TOURISTS.

An Italian Lazaretto.

(From a private Letter.)—Vienna, July, 1837.

As the Pope kept his quarantines on very pertinaciously, Mrs. H—s determined as soon as she heard those of Leghorn were taken off, to start immediately by the steamer.* the vessels which preceded us, passed without any quarantine, but when we arrived, oh! cruel fate! behold us comfortably stowed in a lazaretto for fourteen days! and this, because a foolish *charge d'affaires* (French, I believe,) had thought proper to write on the outside of the despatches our steamer carried, that there were four suspected cases of cholera in Naples, when we left it.

We were not without companions in distress, there being two English families whom we happened to know; two American families; a Russian nobleman, who was travelling with his whole household; his wife and her mother; his two children; nine servants, a tutor, and a governess; beds, also sheets, blankets,—in short, every comfort they could think of; four immense carriages, and a *fourgon*,† completed their set out. There were, besides, several gentlemen, viz., two Englishmen, six or seven Italians, two Americans, and a Norwegian. You will probably wonder how we were all accommodated. This lazaretto is much larger and better than almost any other; it consists of a number of small houses, exactly like barracks, built round rather a spacious court, in the middle of which is a fountain. We had heard so many wretched accounts of lazaretti, that we were rather agreeably surprised by this.‡ Our

* From Naples, at which place the lady who writes then was; and the quarantine regulations were put in force on account of the cholera.

† A sort of portable forge.

‡ Nevertheless, a preceding part of this interesting private communication says, speaking of cholera in Italy:—"I would advise you to keep out of the way of all lazaretti; they are much more to be dreaded than the cholera, I think; particularly, late in the year." Miss Pardoe gives similar advice in her *City of the Sultan*:—"They are very expensive, and

rooms were tolerably large, with brick floors and white-washed walls, but not a single article of furniture; we were, however, allowed to send to a neighbouring hotel, and succeeded in getting what we wanted; and then, the furniture of our room consisted of four miserable beds, two tables, and four chairs. The Russian immediately began writing letters of expostulation to all the boards of health, consuls, and consuls-general, that he thought had anything to do with this piece of injustice, but in vain: they all wrote remarkably civil answers, yet gave us no hope of a shorter imprisonment. We passed our time as well as we could, in working, reading, and walking up and down the court. We were all locked up in our different rooms at eight in the evening, and unlocked again at five next morning: but you must be tired of this lazaretto; we heard a day or two ago, that the Princess Theodora, a great leader of *ton* at Naples, has lately died in it, which I hope may not be true.

E. B.

Vienna.

In Germany, we find more cleanliness than in Italy, much more honesty, and, in the upper classes, great politeness to strangers, though the lower orders are churlish and disobliging. We have only been two days at Vienna, where, having had constant rain, we have seen scarcely anything, so that I can give no account of it, except that it is rather a small town, with narrow streets, but possessing immense suburbs, in which are fine gardens, containing eating-houses and balls, rooms brilliantly lighted up with chandeliers, and decorated with drapery and artificial flowers. To these gardens all classes resort to eat, to drink, to dance, and to hear some of the finest pieces of music imaginable, performed by the bands of Strauss and Ländler, the celebrated waltz composers. This is, in fact, much more the land of music than Italy—or, at least, southern Italy—where you only hear it at the opera, or in a very few private houses, or societies. M. B.

[Another part of the letter, speaking of Venice, says:—"There you hear music from morning till night, in the streets, the only place in all Italy where you do." The test of a national taste for music is the popularity and goodness of its street music, and all others encouraged by the people.]

The French Game, La Croserie.‡

Before quitting Avranches, I took part in a singular diversion, which has there been customary for ages: it is called *la Croserie*.

there is a heavy fine for quitting them without leave, or going beyond limits with it."

§ This game, which, we may call Hockey, is known in England, and above all at Eton, where it forms one of the principal daily amusements of the pupils during autumn, but apart from the absurd ceremonies which accompany its annual celebration

—On Shrove Tuesday, the bishops, canons, and other clerical dignitaries, each supplied with a stick having a cross at the end, assemble upon the beach of the Saudière near Pout Gilbert. There, a party of players is formed, divided into two companies: they set up two stones, and the player who is sufficiently dexterous to pass a ball of boxwood between them with his stick, wins the game.

The signal for the commencement of the *Crosserie* play is constantly given by the great bell of the cathedral. The bishop bestows the first stroke with the cross, the canons' turn comes next, and the sport is continued until one of these parties has gained the game; after which the priests, sacristans, and singers, divert themselves in the same manner, one after the other; until everybody has tried at it his strength and address. The great bell announces the end of the game, as it had been the signal for its beginning, and everybody returns to his home.

This kind of game is yet in use, I am told, among young people on the coast of the environs of Granville and Brehal. Sometimes the victor takes the title of bishop, is arrayed with great ceremony in a mitre and cope, and carried triumphantly through the town. His dignity, it is well understood, ends with the day.—*L'Anacharsis Français.*

FEMALE HEAD-DRESS IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 344.)

In Nugent's *Travels*, 1766, the Duchess of Mecklenberg Schwerin is described in a riding-habit, with a bag-wig, and a cocked hat with a feather. Again, "the ladies also wear hats and bag-wigs."

The *high crowned hat* seems long before the reign of Queen Anne to have been out of fashion, and looked upon with contempt. Ned Ward, who flourished at that period, mentions "a fantastic lady," who, says to her husband:—

"I verily believe you'd have me go
In high-crown'd hat and coif, like Gammer Crow."

In one of Dryden's plays, the *Wild Gallant*, Madame Isabella calls the tailor's wife in contempt, "steeple hat." On the other hand, the common people were against any of the new fashions introduced by their superiors, as the *London Spy*, (by Ned Ward, 1709, 4th edit.,) thus speaks of the fish-women, that "their chief clamour was against high heads and patches, and they said it would have been a very good law, if Queen Mary had effected her design, and brought the proud minks of the town to on the coasts of Normandy. It is said, this game is of recent Scottish origin; but the stick, in form of a cross—a sacerdotal emblem—which is used in it, refers it to a source more ancient.—*M. Tarver, editor of Le Caméléon.*

have worn high-crowned hats instead of top-knots."

In the old *Norwich Gazette*, or *Loyal Packet*, 1712, is an advertisement, showing the variety of materials then in use in the formation of the hat, enumerating "fine beavers, beaverets, Carolina beavers, superfine cloth hats, and felt hats of the newest fashion;" also, "fine broad beavers for the clergy, hat shavings, double roll rims, double and single, wood hats of all sorts, bongraces, bobbies, and straw hats."

Mr. Repton then proceeds to give a few quotations from different works, relating to

Straw Hats, or Bonnets.

Among the collection of epigrams of Sir John Harrington, is one in commendation of a straw hat worn by a great lady at court:—

That straw which men, and beasts, and fowls have scorn'd,

Has been by curious art and hand industrious,
So wrought, that it hath shadow'd, yea adorn'd,
A head and face of beauty, and birth illustrious.

Among the epigrams of Ben Jonson, there is one to Lady Mary Wroth on a straw hat:—

He that saw you wear the wheaten hat
Would call you more than Ceres, if not that:
And drest in shepherd's tire, who would not say
You were bright (Eonea, Flora, or May?)

Straw hats were worn by peasants in the reign of Charles II. The Count de Grammont, when at Tunbridge, says:—"Here, young, fair, fresh-coloured country girls, with small straw hats, and neat shoes and stockings, sell game, vegetables, flowers and fruit."

Gay, in his *Shepherd's Week*, (the Dirge, l. 125, 6):—

"My new straw hat, that's trimly lin'd with green,
Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean."

The gipsy hat which was worn by ladies about forty years since, was a large, round bonnet, sometimes bent down on each side, and fastened by ribbons under the chin.

That the Quakers and Puritans assumed a peculiar plainness of attire, is too well known to require any comment; but the subject is mentioned in the following quotations in a manner which may make them not unworthy of transfer:—"A long vest and cloke of black, or some other grave colour, with a collar of plain linen, called a turnover, and a broad band, with the hair closely cropped, distinguished the men of every rank, and the ladies equally excluded lace, jewels, and braided locks."

The following is from the works of Tom Brown, who lived during the reigns of William III. and Anne, till the year 1704. "What have we here, old Mother Shipton of the second edition, with amendments; a close black hood over a pinched coif," &c.

In the old Norfolk papers, entitled the

Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, I

Cosgroves News, 1739, is the following passage:—"London, May 10.—Several fine ladies who used to wear French silks, French hoods of four yards wide, *tête de mouton* heads, and white satten petticoats, are turned followers of Mr. Whitfield, whose doctrine of the new birth has so prevailed over them, that they now wear plain stuff gowns, no hoops, common night mobs, and old plain bays."

The female Quakers did not allow any ribbon to their bonnet or cap. In the *Memoires et Observations en Angleterre*, 1693, is a curious engraving of a Quaker's meeting, representing men in hats, and the women in cuerpo hoods, with a female preacher standing on a tub with a high-crowned hat as a mark of distinction.

Dressing the Hair, &c.

In one of Shirley's plays, (*the Ball*, act 1. sc. 2, 1632, 4to.) there is an allusion to the fashion of concealing a part of the forehead; a small, low forehead being, at that period, reckoned a beauty:—

Roe.—But I have heard your tongue exalted much,

Highly commended.

Hon.—Not above your forehead.

When you have brush'd away the hairy penthouse, And made it visible.

A curious poem by Evelyn, entitled *A Voyage to Marryland*, or *a Ladie's Dressing Room*, 1690, describes the different articles that a beau must provide for his mistress. Evelyn has also given an explanation of the different terms, in his *Fop's Dictionary*. Among these are, "*Plumpers*, certain very thin, round, and light balls, to plump up and fill the cavities of the cheeks, much used by old court countesses;" "*Fontagne*, the top-knot, so called from Mlle. de Fontagne, who first wore it;" "*Favourites*, locks dangling on the temples;" "*Mouches*, flies, or black patches, by the vulgar;" "*Firmament*, diamonds, or other precious stones, heading the pins, which they stick in the tour or hair like stars," &c.

In the *Ladies' Dictionary*, 1694, an explanation is given of these names, among which are "*Meurtriers*—Murderers, a certain knot in the air, which ties and unites the curls." And "*Creve-cœur*, Heart-breakers, the two small curled locks at the nape of the neck." At the end of the list are these words:—"Thus much for the dress, but there are yet other things necessary for a ladie's dressing-room, which have such odd names, that a raw lass being entertained in service, and hearing her mistress one day call for some of them, she was so far from bringing any, that she verily took her to be conjuring, and hastily ran out of the house, for fear she should raise the devil!"

Specimens of the *fontagne* are chiefly to be found in prints, but very rarely in those taken from family portraits. Mr. Repton

has not met with any, except in two prints of Mary II. There was lately to be seen a specimen of the *fontagne* in Westminster Abbey, among the wax-work, commonly called the ragged regiment.

In the *Ladies' Dictionary*, under the article "Top-knot," is a dialogue between *Nature* and a *Lady*. The *Lady* says: "In what array did the Dauphiness appear last ball? I am told my commode is a tire too low, as they adjust it at the French court."

Nature.—"Am I a-dreamed, or has the multitude of years impaired my sight and judgment? The voice is woman's, but in the prating figure, I want a name; I see a moving pyramid of gayeties, a walking toy-shop, a speaking gallimaufry of ribbons, laces, silks, and jewels, as if some upstart mimic *Nature* had been at work on purpose to upbraid my skill, and tell me that in forming woman, I have left out the essentials," &c. Again, speaking of the lady's head-dress:—"Do you regard her rigging above deck, and you'd swear she carries *Bow* steeple upon her head, or the famous tower of *Severus* in *Rome*, in which were built seven ranks of pillars, one above another. Such a lofty gradation of top-knots, if it proceeds, will befriend the carpenters and bricklayers, for our gentry and tradesmen in time will be forced to pull down their low-pitched houses, and take the height of the stories in the next structure from the elevated pageant of trinkets on their wives' and daughters' heads, lest these fine trappings should be kidnapped from their empty noddles by an unmannerly brush of the saucy ceilings," &c. The lady says: "I am resolved to be in the mode, though it put me to the charge of maintaining a negro to support the monumental umbrella on my head."

Of the *fontagne* already mentioned, Mr. Repton furnishes some minute details. In the fanatical spirit of the time, 1698, this fashion was loudly condemned by the clergy from their pulpits, as in the following passage from a sermon: "this is the daring pride which reigns among our very ordinary women at this day, they think themselves highly advanced by this climbing foretop. All their rigging is nothingworth without this wagging topsail; and, in defiance of our Saviour's words, endeavour, as it were, to add a cubit to their stature. With these exalted heads, they do, as it were, attempt a superiority over mankind; nay, these Babel-builders seem with their lofty towers to threaten the skies, and even to defy heaven itself." Elsewhere, in the same discourse, the author gives the ladies the following caution, that, "especially upon days of fasting and humiliation you would wholly lay aside your gaudy dress. It is sitting at such a time that you should lower your topsails and strike your flags."

Horace Walpole mentions, that about the year 1714, Louis XIV. admired the superior taste of the low head-dress of two English ladies, in consequence of which, the ladies of the French court immediately began to adopt the new mode. But, it appears by the following quotation from "A Supplement to the first part of the *Gentleman Instructed*, with a Word to the Ladies, 1708," that the change in the lofty head-dress was begun before 1714:—

"They received fresh advice that the king had forbid the wearing of gold lace, and that all below a countess lay under a prohibition; that he had clipt commodes, and taken the sex a story lower; that the Duchess of Burgundy immediately undressed and appeared in a *fontange* of the new standard; that his Majesty had a design against topknots, &c."

Again, in page 38, the writer shows how a fine lady spends her time at her toilette: "and now her ladyship brandishes the combs, and the powders raise clouds in the apartment. She trims up the commode; she places it ten times; unplaces it as often, without being so fortunate as to hit upon the critical point; she models it to all systems, but is pleased with none. For, you must know, some ladies fancy a vertical, others an horizontal situation; others dress by the northern latitude, and others lower its point to forty-five degrees," &c.

Page 108 mentions how much better the ladies might employ their time: "at Paris, I have seen the topping ladies of the court, in *hotel Dieu*, help and comfort the sick with great charity. They refreshed those poor creatures not only with words, but with cordials and juleps. I could wish the *mode* would sail into England. It edifies, I am sure, and would become quality, and sit as gently on ladies as French *fontanges*."

The *Spectator*, (No. 98,) 1711, relates entirely to the female head-dress, and seems to point out the date of the lofty head-dress: "about ten years ago, (*i.e.* in 1701,) it shot up to a great height," &c.—"I remember several ladies who were once near seven foot high, that at present want some inches of five," &c.*

Addison, (who died in 1719,) thus mentions the *Fontange*: "these old Fontanges rose on all above the head. They were pointed like steeples, and had the long loose pieces of crape, which were fringed and hung down their backs."—(*Johnson's Dictionary*.)

During the reigns of William III. and Anne, we find that ladies sometimes wore plumes of feathers piled up in stages, "with two tiers of ostrich feathers with a tuft above."

* A paper in the *Spectator* says of Paradise's *History of Lyons*, that it mentioned the *Fontange*. This is an anachronism, as the history was published near a century before Madame Fontange was born.

In an additional volume of the *Spectator*, (No 20,) dated 1715, this fashion of wearing a quantity of feathers is satirized thus: "I pretend not to draw the single *quill* against that immense crop of *plumes*, which is already risen to an amazing height, and unless timely singed by the bright eyes that glitter underneath, will shortly be able to overshadow them. Lady *Porcupine's* commode is started at least a foot and a half since Sunday last," &c. Again, "in what condition the feather manufacture now stands, shall be inquired at leisure."—"But, so long as the commodity circulates, and the outside of a fine lady's head is converted into the inside of her pillow, or if fate so order it, to the top of her perse, there is no harm in the consumption; and both the milliner, upholsterer, and undertaker, may live in an amicable correspondence, and mutual dependence on each other."

The Sketch-Book.

THE YELLOW DOMINO.

By Captain Marryat.

It was a fine autumnal evening; I had been walking with a friend until dusk on the Piazza Grand, or principal square in the town of Lucca. We had been conversing of England, our own country, from which I had then banished myself for nearly four years, having taken up my residence in Italy to fortify a weak constitution, and having remained there long after it was requisite for my health, from an attachment to its pure sky and the "*dolce far niente*" which so wins upon you in that luxurious climate. We had communicated to each other the contents of our respective letters arrived by the last mail, had talked over politics, great men, acquaintances, friends, and kindred, and, tired of conversation, had both sank into a pleasing reverie as we watched the stars twinkling above us, when my friend rose hastily and bid me good night.

"Where are you going Alfred?" inquired I.

"I had nearly forgotten I had an appointment this evening. I promised to meet somebody at the Marquesa di Cesto's masquerade."

"Pshaw! are you not tired of these things?" replied I, "that eternal round of black masks and dominos of all colours, heavy harlequins, fools and clowns by nature wearing their proper dresses there, and only in masquerade when out of it. Nuns who have no sins in their composition flirt, friars without a spice of religion, ugly Venuses, and Hebes as old as your grandmother."

"All very true, Herbert. And life itself is masquerade enough, but the fact is that I have made an appointment; it is of importance and I must not fail."

"Well, I wish you more amusement than I have generally extracted from these burlesque meetings," replied I. "Adieu, and may you be successful," and my Albert hastened away.

I remained another half hour reclining on the bench, and then returned to my lodgings. My servant Antonio lighted the candle and withdrew. On the table laid a note, it was an invitation from the marquesa, I threw it on one side and took up a book; one that required reflection and deep examination, but the rattling of the wheels of the carriages as they whirled along past my window, would not permit me to command my attention. I threw down the book, and taking a chair at the window, watched the carriages full of masques as they rolled past, apparently so eager in the pursuit of pleasure. I was in a cynical humour. What fools, thought I, and yet what numbers will be there; there will be an immense crowd, and what can be the assignation which Albert said was of such consequence. Such was my reflection for the next ten minutes, during which at least fifty carriages and other vehicles had passed in review before me.

And then I thought of the princely fortune of the marquesa, the splendid palazzo at which the masquerade was given, and the brilliant scene which would take place.

"The grand duke is to be there, and every body of distinction in Lucca. I have a great mind to go myself."

A few minutes more elapsed, I felt that I was lonely, and I made up my mind that I would go. I turned from the window and rang the bell.

"Antonio see if you can procure me a domino, a dark-coloured one if possible, and tell Carlo to bring the carriage round as soon as he can."

Antonio departed and was away so long that the carriage was at the door previous to his return.

"Signor, I am sorry, very, very sorry, but I have run to every shop in Lucca, and there is nothing left but a yellow domino, which I have brought with me."

"Yellow! why, there will not be two yellow dominos in the whole masquerade: I might as well tell my name at once, I shall be so conspicuous."

"You are as well hid under a yellow domino as a black one, signor, if you choose to keep your own secrets," observed Antonio.

"Very true," replied I; "give me my masque."

Enshrouding myself in the yellow domino, I went down the stairs, threw myself into the carriage, and directed Carlo to drive to the palazzo of the marquesa.

In half an hour we arrived at the entrance gates of the marquesa's superb country seat. From these gates to the palazzo, a sweep of

several hundred yards, the trees through which the driver past were loaded with variegated lamps, hanging in graceful festoons from branch to branch, and the notes of music from the vast entrance-hall of the palazzo, floated through the still air. When I arrived at the area in front of the flight of marble steps which formed the entrance of the palazzo, I was astonished at the magnificence, the good taste, and the total disregard of expense which was exhibited. The palazzo itself appeared like the fabric built of diamonds and precious stones by the genii who obeyed the ring and lamp of Aladdin, so completely was its marble front hidden with a mass of many coloured lamps, the reflection from whose galaxy of light rendered it bright as day for nearly one hundred yards around, various cluras and transparencies were arranged in the walks nearest to the palazzo, and then all was dark, rendered still darker from the contrast with the flood of light which poured to a certain distance from the scene of festivity. Groups of characters and dominos were walking to and fro in every direction, most of them retracing their steps when they arrived to the sombre walks and valleys, some few pairs continuing their route, where no listeners were to be expected.

This is an animating scene, thought I as the carriage stopped, and I am not sorry that I made one of the party. As soon as I had descended, I walked up the broad flight of marble steps which led to the spacious hall in which the major part of the company was collected. The music had for a moment ceased to play, and finding that the perfume of the exotics which decorated the hall was too powerful, I was again descending the marble steps when my hand was seized and warmly pressed by one in a violet coloured domino.

"I am so glad that you are come, we were afraid that you would not. I will see you again directly," said the domino, and it then fell back into the crowd and disappeared.

It immediately occurred to me that it was my friend Albert who spoke to me. "Very odd," thought I, "that he should have found me out!" and again I fell into the absurdity of imagining that because I had put on a conspicuous domino, I was sure to be recognised. "What can he want with me. He must be in some difficulty, some unexpected one, that is certain!" Such were my reflections as I slowly descended the steps, occasionally pausing for a moment on one, as I was lost in conjecture, when I was again arrested by a slight tap on the shoulder. I looked around, it was a female, and although she wore her half mask, it was evident that she was young, and I felt convinced that she was beautiful. "Not a word," whispered she, putting her finger to her lip; "follow

me." Of course I followed, who could resist such a challenge?

"You are late," said the incognito, when we had walked so far away from the palazzo as to be out of hearing of the crowd.

"I did not make up my mind to come until an hour ago," replied I.

"I was so afraid that you would not come. Albert was sure that you would. He was right. He told me just now that he had spoken to you."

"What, was that Albert in the rose coloured domino?"

"Yes, but I dare not stay now, my father will be looking for me. Albert is keeping him in conversation. In half an hour he will speak to you again. Has he explained to you what has occurred?"

"Not one word."

"If he has not time—and I doubt if he will have, as he must attend to the preparations—I will write a few lines, if I can, and explain, or at least tell you what to do: but I am so harassed, so frightened! We do indeed require your assistance. Adieu," so saying, the fair unknown tripped hastily away.

"What the deuce is all this," muttered I as I watched her retreating figure. "Albert said that he had an appointment, but he did not make me his confidant. It appears that something which has occurred this night, occasions him to require my assistance. Well, I will not fail him."

For about half an hour I sauntered up and down between the lines of orange trees which were dressed up with variegated lamps, and shed their powerful fragrance in the air; I ruminated upon what might be my friend's intentions, and what might be the result of an intrigue carried on in a country where the stiletto follows love so close through all the mazes of his labyrinth, when I was again accosted by the violet coloured domino.

"Hist!" whispered he, looking carefully round as he thrust a paper into my hand, "read this after I leave you. In one hour from this be you on this spot. Are you armed?"

"No," replied I, "but Albert——"

"You may not need it; but nevertheless take this, I cannot wait." So saying, he put a stiletto into my hand, and again made a hasty retreat.

It had been my intention to have asked Albert what was his plan, and further, why he did not speak English instead of Italian, as he would have been less liable to be understood if overheard by eaves-droppers; but a little reflection told me that he was right in speaking Italian, as the English language overheard would have betrayed him, or at least have identified him as a foreigner.

"A very mysterious affair this!" thought I; "but, however, this paper will, I presume,

explain the business. That there is a danger in it is evident, or he would not have given me this weapon," and I turned the stiletto once or twice to the light of the lamp next to me, examining its blade, when looking up, I perceived a black domino standing before me.

"It is sharp enough, I warrant," said the domino; "you have but to strike home. I have been waiting for you in the next walk, which I thought was to be our rendezvous. Here is a paper which you will fasten to his dress. I will contrive that he shall be here in an hour hence by a pretended message. After his death you will put this packet into his bosom; you understand. Fail not; remember the one thousand sequins; and here is my ring, which I will redeem as soon as your work is done. The others will soon be here. The password is Milano. But I must not be seen here. Why a yellow domino, it is too conspicuous for retreat," and as I received from him the packet and ring, the black domino retreated through the orange grove which encircled us.

I was lost in amazement; there I stood with my hands full, two papers, a packet, a stiletto, and a diamond ring. "Well," thought I, "this time I am most assuredly taken for some body else—for a bravo I am not. There is some foul work going on which, perhaps, I may prevent. 'But why a yellow domino?' said he; I may well ask the same question. 'Why the deuce did I come here in a yellow domino, or any domino at all?' " I put the ring on my finger, the stiletto and packet in my bosom, and then hastened away to the garden on the other side of the palazzo, that I might read the mysterious communication put into my hands by my friend Albert; and as I walked on, my love for admiration led me away so as to find myself pleased with the mystery and danger attending upon the affair; and feeling secure, now that I had a stiletto in my bosom for my defence, I resolved that I would go right through until the whole affair should be unravelled.

I walked on till I had gained the last lamp on the other side of the palazzo, I held up to its light the mysterious paper; it was in Italian, and in a woman's handwriting.

"We have determined upon flight, as we cannot hope for safety here, surrounded as we are by stilletoes on every side. We feel sure of pardon as soon as the papers which Albert received by this day's mail, and which he will entrust to you when you meet again, are placed in my father's hands. We must have your assistance in removing our treasure. Our horses are all ready, and a few hours will put us in safety; but we must look to you for following us in your carriage, and conveying for me what would prove so great an incumbrance to our necessary speed. When Albert sees you again, he will be able to tell you where it is deposited. Follow us quick, and you will always have the gratitude of
VIOLA.

"P.S. I write in great haste, as I cannot leave my father's side for a moment without his seeking for me."

"What can all this mean? Albert told me of no papers by this day's mail. Viola! I never heard him mention such a name. He said to me, 'read this, and all will be explained.' I'll be hanged if I am not as much in the dark as ever—follow them in my carriage with the treasure—never says where! I presume he is about to run away with some rich heiress. Confound this yellow domino. Here I am with two papers, a packet, a stiletto, and a ring; I am to receive another packet, and am to convey treasure. Well, it must solve itself. I will back to my post, but first let me see what is in this paper which I am to affix upon the man's dress after I have killed him. I held it up to the light and read in capital letters, "*The reward of a traitor!*"—"Short and pithy," muttered I, as I replaced it in my pocket, "now, I'll back to the spot of assignation, for the hour must be nearly expired."

As I retraced my steps, I again reverted to the communication of Viola, "surrounded as we are by stilettoes on every side!" why surely Albert cannot be the person that I am required by the black domino to dispatch, and yet it may be so—and others are to join me here before the hour is past. A thought struck me; whoever the party might be whose life was to be taken, whether Albert or another, I could save him.

My reverie was again broken by a tap on the shoulder.

"Am I right? What is the password?"

"Milano," replied I in a whisper.

"All's right, then—Giacomo and Tomaso are close by—I will fetch them."

The man turned away, and in a minute reappeared with two others, bending as they forced their way under the orange trees.

"Here we all are, Felippo," whispered the first. "He is to be here in a few minutes."

"Hush!" replied I, in a whisper, and holding up to them the brilliant ring which sparkled on my finger.

"Ah, signor, I cry your mercy," replied the man in a low voice, "I thought it was Felippo."

"Not so loud," replied I, still in a whisper. "All is discovered, and Felippo is arrested. You must away immediately. You shall hear from me to-morrow."

"Corpo di Bacco! Where, signor—at the old place?"

"Yes—now away, and save yourselves."

In a few seconds, the desperate men disappeared among the trees, and I was left alone.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Popular Antiquities.

THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, AT HULL.

IN Hull, as in most other towns in England, there are free-schools as well for the higher as for the more humble branches of learning. Amongst these the Grammar-School, situated on the south-side of Trinity church, founded in the year 1486, by the Right Rev. John Alcock, a native of Beverley, and successively Lord Bishop of Rochester, Worcester, and Ely, takes precedence. In 1587, the old structure, being at that time in a ruinous state, William Gee, Esq.,* an alderman of Hull, opened a subscription for erecting a new school house, himself subscribing twenty thousand bricks, and eighty pounds in money for that purpose. The erections were soon completed, and the school room which is large and commodious, is said to be one of the best in England. The building is of two stories in height, (the upper story was for-

* A portrait of this gentleman in 1568, *et. 45*, is in the school-room.



(The Grammar-School, at Hull.)

merly the Merchant Tailors' Hall, but it is now let for a school-room,) with mullioned windows of brick; in different parts of the building are the arms of the town, and the date, 1583, with a curious mark. Originally, the sons of freemen received a classical education on the yearly payment of fourteen shillings, afterwards of twenty shillings, and lastly of one guinea, but now there are no classical scholars. Writing and arithmetic were introduced into this school by the late master and are taught at a charge of four guineas per annum for free boys, and six guineas for the sons of non-freemen.

They are admitted at any age, and there is no prescribed time of superannuation. This school has one exhibition of forty pounds per annum, to any college in Cambridge, founded by Thomas Bary, scrivener, 1627, and augmented by Thomas Ferries, alderman, in 1630; and a scholarship, founded by Alexander Metcalf, of twelve shillings and ninepence per week, and rooms at Clare-hall. The present master is the Rev. William Wilson. The masters of this school who have been distinguished, are the Rev. Andrew Marvell, M.A., father of the renowned patriot of that name; John Catlyn, originally a bricklayer, who, by the force of his genius and application, became a great proficient in the learned languages, was first made usher, and afterwards appointed head master. He was, it seems, envied and depreciated on account of the meanness of his birth, and was ultimately turned out of his mastership. The Rev. John Clarke, M.A., the translator of *Suetonius*, and *Sallust*; and the Rev. Joseph Milner, M.A., author of the *History of the Church*. Amongst the most eminent men educated here, may be enumerated Andrew Marvel, M.P. for Hull; Thomas Watson, D.D., F.R.S., bishop of St. David's; William Wilberforce, Esq., M.P.; and the Rev. Francis Wrangham, M.A., F.R.S., the learned archdeacon of the East Riding of Yorkshire.—*Greenwood's Picture of Hull.*

The Public Journals.

PIC-NICS.

(From the Quarterly Review, last published.)

Salutation.—In some countries, they rub noses; in others, they pull one another's ears; the Franks plucked out a hair and presented it; the Japanese take off their slipper when they meet. In some of the South-sea islands, they spit in their hands, and then rub your face for you; in others, it is the height of politeness to fling a jar of water over your friend. In Europe, we nod, bow, curtsy, shake hands, take off our hats, or kiss; and the science consists in knowing on what occasions, and with what persons,

these respective modes of salutation are to be pursued.

It is related of George IV., when Prince of Wales, that he was once observed to bow to every one in the street who saluted him, till he came to the man who swept the crossing, whom he passed without notice. The question whether he was right in making this exception, has been gravely discussed by one of these law-givers—who finally decides in the prince's favour:—"To salute a beggar without giving him any thing would be a mockery, and to stop for the purpose of bestowing a sixpence would wear the semblance of ostentation in a prince."

Acquaintance.—"Never say how is your wife, your husband, your mother, your grandmother? &c., but how is Mr. or Mrs. —, Lord or Lady—?" Two of the strangest offenders against this rule were Nollekens the sculptor, and Delpini the clown. Nollekens invariably asked George III., when a sitting commenced, how his "wife and family" were doing? and Delpini thus addressed the late Duke of York, in the hope of inducing him to intercede with Sheridan for the payment of his salary: "Sare, if he no pay me soon, I shall be put in your papa's Bench," meaning the King's Bench Prison. It was Delpini, by the way, who, during the Gordon riots, when people to protect themselves against the mob, chalked *No Popery* on their doors, by way of greater security chalked *No Religion* upon his.

Mr. Walker tells a story of George Selwyn, who happening to be at Bath when it was nearly empty, was induced for the mere purpose of killing time, to cultivate the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman he was in the habit of meeting at the rooms. In the height of the following season, Selwyn encountered his old associate in St. James's Street. He endeavoured to pass unnoticed but in vain. "What, don't you recollect me?" exclaimed the *cuttee*; "we became acquainted at Bath, you know."—"I recollect you, perfectly," replied Selwyn, "and when I next go to Bath I shall be most happy to become acquainted with you again."

Bores.—We borrow an anecdote (originally related by Helvetius), in the hope of its affording a hint to the respectable community of bores. One of these having nothing else to do with himself, went one day to call on his neighbour, "a man of letters." The latter received him, with all possible politeness, and entertained him as well as he could till he rose to carry his tediousness elsewhere, when the man of letters resumed his work, and utterly forgot his visitor. Some days afterwards he found himself accused of a want of politeness in not returning the visit,

upon which he repaired to his neighbour's, and thus addresses him:—"I hear that you complain of me; yet you know full well that you called, not because you wished for my company, but because you were tired of your own. I, who was not at all tired of my own company, received you as well as I could; the obligation is consequently on your side, and yet you charge me with rudeness. Be yourself the judge of my conduct and decide whether you ought not to have done with complaints which prove nothing more than my independence of visits and your dependence on them, the inhumanity of boring your neighbour, and the injustice of abusing him after boring him."

Announcing Names.—Have your name clearly announced, and it will be prudent to take care that the servants make no mistake regarding it. The mishap that, as we read, befell a certain Mr. Delaflete, in London, may serve to illustrate the consequences of a want of caution in this respect. From his indistinct mode of pronouncing his name, the porter understood it to be *Delaflete*, and so proclaimed it to the groom of the chambers, who some how other mistook the initial letter of the name, and the luckless visiter, a quiet, shy, reserved young man, was actually ushered into the midst of a crowded drawing-room by the ominous appellation of *Mr. Hellaflete*. But—adds the legislator—do not be to precise in your instructions, or you may be placed in the predicament of Lady A. and her daughter, who having been much annoyed by the *gaucheries* of a country booby of a servant, who would persevere in giving in their names as the Right Honourable Lady A. and the Honourable Miss A., at length took him seriously to task, and desired that in future he would mention them as simple Lady A. and plain Miss A. Their astonishment may be conceived when they found themselves obeyed to the letter—and Devonshire House was electrified by the intelligence that *Simple Lady A.* and *Plain Miss A.* were "coming up."

A Breach.—When Count Davaux was named plenipotentiary at the congress of Munster, things were going on very favourably, when a visit incorrectly received threw all into confusion, and prolonged the war more than six months. M. Contarini, the Venetian ambassador, on the occasion of an official visit to Count Davaux, was conducted by the French ambassador no farther than the staircase, without the Count's descending a single step. The haughty Venetian was so exasperated at this want of respect, that he instantly took post and hastened to complain to his government. Venice, though fallen, was still proud, and declared that her ambassador should not return to the congress till the honours due to him were prescribed. France was tired of the

war, and after much negotiation, during which many men were slain and many villages burned, France ordered Count Davaux to satisfy the punctilious vanity of M. Contarini. The latter returned in triumph and paid his visit to the count, who conducted him to the threshold of the *porte cochère*, remained there till the Venetian was seated in his carriage, and saluted profoundly as the carriage drove off. M. Contarini then gravely returned the salute, each movement having been made a subject of stipulation in the *ultimatum* of Venice.

The Duke of Devonshire, though at this moment probably not aware of his escape, we have been told on good authority, incurred a serious risk by sending Mr. Fennimore Cooper an invitation to a ball without previously performing in person the proper duell knock at the door of his lodging house—a liberty for which the indignant Novelist was with difficulty prevented from defying his Grace to mortal combat.

A Mistake.—A distinguished English baronet was leaving one of Lafayette's *soirées* much disappointed at the absence of Beranger to whom he wished to be introduced, when the name of Beranger was announced. He instantly hurried back, and without waiting for a presentation, began a profusion of compliments and congratulations to the new comer on his excellence as a poet, and his recent delivery from imprisonment. "*Moi poète, Monsieur! moi en prison! qu'est ce que tout cela veut dire?*" and ire was sparkling in his eyes, when the host approached and presented the indignant Frenchman as M. de Beranger, one of the leading members of the Chamber of Deputies.

Dinner Etiquette.—"When all the guests have been presented to one another." This is not the fashion in London, it being taken for granted that every body knows every body, though nothing can be more contrary to the fact. In a large party it is almost impracticable to adopt the French practice, but when the party does not exceed ten or twelve, a system of general introduction might as well be pursued. We object decidedly to the plan, extolled by several of these codifiers, of presenting the men to the women they are to take down to dinner; this, we should fancy, must completely frustrate all that pretty delicate manœuvring which forms a leading attraction of a dinner party. In our opinion Mezentius's favourite mode of punishment was a trifle compared with this tyranny. The truth is, nine women out of ten dine at luncheon time, and amongst men the number is far from rare—

"Who think less of good eating than the whisper,
When seated near them, of some pretty lisper."
Upon the same principle, it is not mere

ill-bred, but a sign of bad taste to be late. It may sound very fine to be called *the late Mr. So-and-So*; it is an easy mode of attracting attention to draw out an inquiry about the soups of the season, as if you have never yet had the good fortune to be present at a first course; but it is far from pleasant to find the woman you wish most to sit by monopolized, and yourself *planté* between the *bore* and the *gap*, as we once heard a lady describe her position with Sir A. — on her left, and an unoccupied chair upon her right.

We have heard a first rate dinner-order declare that his inclination towards a dinner party went off from the moment the component parts of it were named. What would be his feeling if he knew that the very place he was to occupy had been predestined to him from the first, and that he was to have no more free will about the matter than a Turk? The injunction to gentlemen to take care of their fair neighbours is of universal applicability, but we would not recommend too close an attention to their glasses or their plates. A distinguished maximist says, that, whenever you ask a lady to take wine, you should fill her glass to the brim in despite of protestations, and look the other way till she has emptied it. Without going the full length of this philosopher's assumption, it stands to reason that the number of glasses women allow themselves being limited, they should be full.

"All the guests rise together, and leave the dining-room for the drawing-room." It has long been made a question whether the English mode of separating the sexes, or the French mode of keeping them together, is the best. Our own opinion is, that there should be a temporary separation, never exceeding a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes at the most. We are convinced that a break of this kind will be found to add to the agreeability of a party on the whole, for it is the hostess' fault if she gives the signal so long as the conversation is sustained with spirit; and if a pleasant *tête-à-tête* be occasionally interrupted, it may be resumed. We fear, however, that few companies are so well assorted as for the majority not to look forward to the interval in question as a relief.

"Politeness requires an hour's stay at least after a comfortable dinner." This must depend upon circumstances. If the dinner be followed by a *soirée*, it is clearly proper to stay: single men are often asked for the express purpose of securing their presence during the evening. But if the hostess be going out, your stay might seriously inconvenience her. It is the bore in one of Scribe's farces who exclaims, "*Où je dine je reste.*"

New Books.

MR. CURTIS ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

(Concluded from page 285.)

It is deeply to be lamented that, notwithstanding the vast improvements that have of late years been effected in this respect, so many of the occupations of life are still destructive of human health and happiness. It is to be feared that many of the causes of these evils must long remain in operation; and that some of them are irremovable. But there can be no doubt that occupations are injurious, more by reason of the excessive length of the time of labour, than of any inherent unhealthy tendency; and that if men generally were acquainted with the laws of the animal economy, and applied their knowledge to the counteraction of the morbid influences to which they are daily exposed, they would escape many of the miseries which they now endure. For example:

How many *young* men are there in this city, who, being engaged in sedentary occupations the greater part of the day in banking-houses, merchants' counting-houses, or lawyers' offices, imperatively need a considerable quantity of muscular exercise to preserve their bodies in health and strength, and who yet, in sheer ignorance, give up almost the only opportunity they have of taking such exercise; and instead of walking to and from their places of business, get into an omnibus, and ride, for the express purpose of avoiding a little fatigue: whereas their elder brethren, who have risen an hour before them, may be seen walking, and thereby availing themselves of the advantage of exercise. And many of these same persons, breathing during the whole day confined and impure air, emerge therefrom, and with admirable sagacity, proceed straightway into the still more impure air of a theatre, or other crowded place!

If individuals of this class knew their own interests, they would fix their habitations at a short distance (two or three miles) from town; and they would regard as an indispensable appendage to their dwellings a plot of garden-ground. These preliminaries arranged, they would be early risers; they would cultivate their gardens, and, whenever the state of the weather permitted, they would call in to their aid no other instruments of locomotion than those with which nature has furnished them. If such a plan as this were pursued, they would be able to resist the unhealthy influences to which they are in their daily pursuits exposed; and a blooming cheek and cheerful eye would be more common phenomena in the city of London than they at present are.*

* Many new facilities have of late years been given to persons residing in town, of enjoying exercise in

Indulgence in political discussions—in religious excitement and emotion—in gambling—and generally the immoderate indulgence of the passions.

It is not necessary for me to enter into any detailed statements respecting these causes of mental excitement. They all agree in this, that their effect upon the brain and nervous system is to excite and stimulate them to the utmost: it makes no difference whether the subject that engrosses the attention, and arouses the feelings and passions, be the jarring interests of party, or the joyful anticipations or dread forebodings of a future state—whether men are agitated by their lowest passions, or by their highest conceptions and aspirations—by hope or by fear—the physical consequence is the same in kind, and differs in degree only according to the vehemence of that which produces it.†

But there is one state of mind which must be particularly noticed, since it cannot properly be said to be included in any one of those I have enumerated: it is that uneasy discontented temper which causes men to vex and fret themselves at those petty occurrences which ought not to give the least annoyance.

This state of continual exacerbation and irritation is more fatal to longevity and happiness than almost any other form of mental excitement; and it is one exceedingly common.‡

It is well known that the depressing emo-

the fresh air: through the exertions of a few spirited individuals, whose *amor patriæ* is great, the parks have been rendered far more accessible to the public than they previously were; and, above all, that most rural of suburban resorts, the Regent's Park, is now open, and every day receives many visitors in search of health.

But, although much has been done in this way, there is still room for improvement. On the continent, greater attention is paid to procuring places of exercise and amusement for the inhabitants of towns than in this country; but there are indications that give us reason for hoping that our inferiority in this respect will not be suffered long to continue.

It is a curious fact, that, during the South Sea scheme, more persons lost their senses by the sudden acquisition of great wealth, than by the loss of it.

† The passion of love deserves to be mentioned, as being the most universally experienced, and as having the greatest tendency to excess, and in that state producing the worst of maladies. Disappointment in love is one of the principal causes of suicides; and this fact clearly proves the deranging effect of the passion upon the mental faculties. The progress of the disease, of which excessive love is productive, may be thus described: as the force of love prevails, sighs grow deeper, a tremor affects the heart and pulse, the countenance is alternately pale and red, the voice is suppressed in the fauces, the eyes grow dim, cold sweats break out, sleep absents itself, at least until the morning, the secretions become disturbed, and a loss of appetite, a hectic fever, melancholy, or perhaps madness, if not death, constitute the sad catastrophe.

‡ Mr. Abernethy says, the state of men's minds is another grand cause of their complicated maladies. Many people sidget and discontent themselves about

tions of fear, despair, &c., produce a liability to disease in circumstances otherwise harmless. For example, persons who entertain great apprehension of the cholera are very likely to be seized by it; and it is the same with other diseases. Sir George Ballingall, in his valuable work on Military Surgery, states that about five per cent is the usual proportion of sick in garrison, healthily and favourably situated; while during a campaign it is ten per cent. But such are the beneficial effects of success and cheerfulness, that in the French army, after the battle of Austerlitz, there were only 100 invalids in a division of 8,000, or only one in eighty.

Perversion of the senses is very generally an accompaniment of mania, and furnishes an argument in favour of those who contend that insanity is a disease of the brain. Dr. Thomson, in his lectures on Medical Jurisprudence, observes, that "delusions connected with the organ of hearing are the constant accompaniments of mania. The conversations which Tasso held with his familiar spirit can be accounted for on this perverted condition of the faculty of hearing; and nothing is more common in most of the cases of mania. It is this state of the ear which often leads to suicide; the unfortunate victim of it imagining that he hears the devil tempting him to self-destruction. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the eye also is affected, and the hallucinations are usually connected with objects of sight. An illustration of this occurred in a patient who was long under my charge. He was the son of a distinguished dignitary of the church, and, although he had a complete belief that he was the King of Great Britain, yet he had as firm a conviction that his father was always seated at the window of an opposite house watching his movements. 'There,' would he say, 'sits the old boy; he does not think that I see him.'"

Insanity is by far most prevalent in those countries where there is the greatest freedom of institutions, the most commercial enterprise, and the highest intellectual activity. According to the most recent estimates, there is in

France one insane person to	-	-	1000
Wales	-	-	800
England	-	-	782
Scotland	-	-	574
Prussian provinces on the Rhine	-	-	666

Respecting the United States, our information on this subject is exceedingly imperfect and scanty: in only a few States has any attempt been made to ascertain the number of the insane; and in those few cases where they have, the returns are far

what cannot be helped: and as passions of all kinds—especially malignant passions—pressing upon the mind, disturb the cerebral action, they necessarily do themselves much harm.

from being perfect. According, however, to reports made for the States of New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, the average proportion of insane and idiots is one in about five hundred.

It is supposed that the proportion here given is considerably less than the true one; but as there is no country in which complete accounts of the number of the insane are extant, it will serve for the purposes of comparison with other nations.

"Travellers inform us that madness is an uncommon disease in Russia, and that it prevails more in the large towns than among the peasantry. There is but little in Spain and Portugal: a few years since, the hospital for lunatics at Madrid contained but sixty patients; and that at Cadiz only fifty. According to M. Briere, who has recently visited the lunatic asylums of Italy, only one case of insanity is found to 4,879 of the population. The inhabitants of China appear to be nearly exempt from this disease. Dr. Scott, who accompanied Lord Macartney in his embassy to that country, heard of only one instance. It is uncommon in Persia, Hindostan, and Turkey. Dr. Madden, in his travels in Turkey, after remarking that, in countries where the intellect is most cultivated, there insanity is most frequent, adds, 'there is no nation where madness is so rare as in Turkey, where the people of all others think the least.'"²

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VOL. V.

[We returned to this work after a lapse of three months, and, in our progress through the present volume, have been charmed with the infinite variety of its delightful anecdote and kindly humour. The period which it embraces is from the autumn of 1820 to the close of 1825,—altogether years of stirring incidents in the life of the Great Novelist, though more abundant in calculation and success than in the interest attached to the enterprise of early authorship: for Scott now enjoyed the *otium* of Abbotsford, and passed his little leisure in adding to its comforts, and, in good taste, embellishing its walls with many a memorial of past ages. His hospitalities were upon a liberal scale, and Abbotsford became the constant resort of the most illustrious contemporaries—all of whom came to do homage at this shrine of genius. Yet, neither the sojourn of friends, nor Scott's kind attentions to them, stayed the production of several novels in the above brief period; during which were published, *the Abbot*, *Kenilworth*, *the Pirate*, *the Fortunes of Nigel*, *Halidon Hill*, *Peccol of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, *St. Ronan's Well*, and

* North American Review, No. 94.

Red Gauntlet. Among the interruptions were Scott's visit to London in 1821; the new buildings at Abbotsford; and the visit of King George IV. to Scotland. Glancing over the records of this space, which extend beyond 400 pages, it will not be difficult to select many passages of new interest, alike honourable to the character of Scott, and the taste and feeling of his masterly biographer.]

Hospitality at Abbotsford.

About the middle of August (1820), my wife and I went to Abbotsford; and we remained there for several weeks, during which I became familiarized to Sir Walter Scott's mode of existence in the country. It was necessary to observe it, day after day, for a considerable period, before one could believe that such was, during nearly half the year, the routine of life with the most productive author of his age. The humblest person who stayed merely for a short visit, must have departed with the impression, that what he witnessed was an occasional variety; that Scott's courtesy prompted him to break in upon his habits when he had a stranger to amuse; but that it was physically impossible, that the man who was writing the *Waverley* romances at the rate of nearly twelve volumes in the year, could continue, week after week, and month after month, to devote all but a hardly perceptible fraction of his mornings to out of doors' occupations, and the whole of his evenings to the entertainment of a constantly varying circle of guests.

The hospitality of his afternoons must alone have been enough to exhaust the energies of almost any man; for his visitors did not mean, like those of country houses in general, to enjoy the landlord's good cheer and amuse each other; but the far greater proportion arrived from a distance, for the sole sake of the Poet and Novelist himself, whose person they had never before seen, and whose voice they might never again have any opportunity of hearing. No other villa in Europe was ever resorted to from the same motives, and to anything like the same extent, except Ferney; and Voltaire never dreamt of being visible to his *hunters*, except for a brief space of the day; few of them even dined with him, and none of them seem to have slept under his roof. Scott's establishment, on the contrary, resembled in every particular that of the affluent idler, who, because he has inherited, or would fain transmit, political influence in some province, keeps open house—receives as many as he has room for, and sees their apartments occupied, as soon as they vacate them, by another troop of the same description. Even on gentlemen guiltless of inkshed, the exercise of hospitality upon this sort of scale is found to impose a heavy tax; few of them, nowadays, think of maintaining it for any large

portion of the year: very few indeed below the highest rank of the nobility—in whose case there is usually a staff of led-captains, led-chaplains, servile dandies, and semi-professional talkers and jokers from London, to take the chief part of the burden.

It is the custom in some, perhaps in many country houses, to keep a register of the guests, and I have often regretted that nothing of the sort was ever attempted at Abbotsford. It would have been a curious record—especially if so contrived—(as I have seen done)—that the names of each day should, by their arrangement on the page, indicate the exact order in which the company sat at dinner. It would hardly, I believe, be too much to affirm, that Sir Walter Scott entertained, under his roof, in the course of the seven or eight brilliant seasons when his prosperity was at its height, as many persons of distinction in rank, in politics, in art, in literature, and in science, as the most princely nobleman of his age ever did in the like space of time.—I turned over, since I wrote the preceding sentence, Mr. Lodge's compendium of the British Peerage, and on summoning up the titles which suggested to myself some reminiscence of this kind, I found them nearly as one out of six.—I fancy it is not beyond the mark to add, that of the eminent foreigners who visited our island within this period, a moiety crossed the Channel mainly in consequence of the interest with which his writings had invested Scotland—and that the hope of beholding the man under his own roof was the crowning motive with half that moiety. As for countrymen of his own, like him ennobled in the higher sense of that word, by the display of their intellectual energies, if any one such contemporary can be pointed out as having crossed the Tweed, and yet not spent a day at Abbotsford, I shall be surprised.

A Coursing Party.

It was a clear, bright, September morning, with a sharpness in the air that doubled the animating influence of the sunshine, and all was in readiness for a grand coursing match on Newark Hill. The only guest who had chalked out other sport for himself was the stanchest of anglers, Mr. Rose; but he, too, was there on his *shelly*, armed with his salmon-rod and landing-net, and attended by his humorous squire Hinves, and Charlie Purdie, a brother of Tom, in those days the most celebrated fisherman of the district. This little group of Waltonians, bound for Lord Somerville's preserve, remained lounging about to witness the start of the main cavalcade. Sir Walter, mounted on Sybil, was marshalling the order of procession with a huge hunting-whip; and among a dozen frolicsome youths and maidens, who seemed

disposed to laugh at all discipline, appeared each on horseback, each as eager as the youngest sportsman in the troop, Sir Humphrey Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and the patriarch of Scottish belles-lettres, Henry Mackenzie. The Man of Feeling, however, was persuaded with some difficulty to resign his steed for the present to his faithful negro follower, and to join Lady Scott in the sociable, until we should reach the ground of our *battue*. Laidlaw, on a long-tailed wiry Highlander, cyeleped *Hoddin Grey*, which carried him nimbly and stoutly, although his feet almost touched the ground as he sat, was the adjutant. But the most picturesque figure was the illustrious inventor of the safety-lamp. He had come for his favourite sport of angling, and had been practising it successfully with Rose, his travelling companion, for two or three days preceding this, but he had not prepared for coursing fields, or had left Charlie Purdie's troop for Sir Walter's on a sudden thought, and his fisherman's costume—a brown hat with flexible brims, surrounded with line upon line of catgut, and innumerable fly-hooks—jack-boots, worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a fustian surcoat dabbled with the blood of salmon, made a fine contrast with the smart jackets, white cord breeches, and well polished jockey-boots of the less distinguished cavaliers about him. Dr. Wollaston was in black, and with his noble, serene dignity of countenance, might have past for a sporting archbishop. Mr. Mackenzie, at this time in the 76th year of his age, with a white hat turned up with green, green spectacles, green jacket, and long, brown, leathern gaiters buttoned upon his nether anatomy, wore a dog-whistle round his neck, and had all over the air of as resolute a devotee, as the gay captain of Huntly Burn. Tom Purdie and his subalterns had preceded us by a few hours with all the greyhounds that could be collected at Abbotsford, Darnick, and Melrose; but the giant Maida had remained as his master's orderly, and now gambolled about Sibyl Grey, barking for mere joy, like a spaniel puppy.

The Gondoliers.

Gondoliers.—Mr. Vertue, in his very pleasant Hudibrastic *Rhymes from Italy*, quotes the following account of the Gondoliers, from D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.—"In Venice, the Gondoliers know by heart long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, and often chant them with a peculiar melody. But this talent seems at present on the decline; it suits perfectly well with an idle, solitary mariner, lying at length in his vessel, at rest, on one of these canals, waiting for company or a fare; the tiresomeness of which situation is somewhat alleviated by the songs

and poetical stories in his memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror; and, as all is still around, he is as it were in solitude in the midst of a large and populous town. Here is no rattling of carriages, no noise of foot passengers; a silent gondola glides now and then by him, of which the splashing of the oars is scarcely to be heard. At a distance he hears another, perhaps utterly unknown to him; melody and verse immediately attach the two strangers; he becomes the responsive echo to the former, and exerts himself to be heard, as he had heard the other. By a tacit conversation, they alternate verse for verse; though the song should be the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue. The hearers who are passing between the two, take part in the amusement. This vocal performance sounds best at a great distance, and is then inexpressibly charming, as it only fulfils its design in the sentiment of remoteness. It is plaintive, but not dismal in its sound; and, at times, it is scarcely possible to refrain from tears."—*Musical World*.

British Museum.—The number of persons admitted to view the general collections in the British Museum during the last six years is as follows:—99,912 in 1831; 147,896 in 1832; 210,495 in 1833; 237,366 in 1834; 289,104 in 1835; 383,157 in 1836.

The number of visits made to the reading-room, for the purpose of study or research, was about 1,950 in 1810; 4,300 in 1815; 8,820 in 1820; 22,800 in 1825; 31,200 in 1830; 38,200 in 1831; 46,800 in 1832; 58,800 in 1833; 70,266 in 1834; 63,466 in 1835; 62,360 in 1836.

The number of visits by artists and students to the galleries of sculpture for the purpose of study was 4,938 in 1831; 4,740 in 1832; 4,490 in 1833; 5,645 in 1834; 6,081 in 1835; 7,052 in 1836.

The number of visits made to the print-room was about 4,400 in 1832; 2,900 in 1833; 2,204 in 1834; 1,065 in 1835; 2,916 in 1836.

In 1836, the trustees expended the following sums:—

	£.	s.	d.
For Egyptian Antiquities, including sarcophagus of the Queen of Amasis	-	-	855 5 10
For antique vases	-	-	3,473 18 7
For etchings by the Dutch masters	-	-	5,000 0 0
For a MS. Bible said to have belonged to Charlemagne	-	-	750 0 0

The whole cost of this noble institution for the year 1836, including the maintenance of the establishment, salaries of officers, and the sums expended as above stated, was 23,291l. 7s. 5d.—*Statistical Journal*, No. 2.

The Queen.—The following is authentic, and exhibits a most gratifying feature in the

character of our young Queen:—A man named Hillman, who served in the capacity of porter to the late Duke of Kent, and who was accustomed to assist our present Queen (then a child) into the carriage, has long since been pensioned by the Duchess of Kent, and is not a little gratified by receiving a bow of recognition from her Majesty whenever he chances to pass her carriage. The aged man has a daughter much afflicted, she having been confined to her bed the last eight years: on the evening of the late King's funeral, this young woman received from Queen Victoria a present of the Psalms of David, with a marker, worked by herself, (having a dove, the emblem of peace, in the centre,) placed at the 41st Psalm, with a request that she would read it, and expressing a hope that its perusal might give peace to her mind.—*Globe*.

At a broker's shop in Drury-lane, there is for sale "A green child's phaeton, admirably adapted for a brief country excursion." On an auctioneer's placard was lately affixed "A splendid nobleman's mansion to be disposed of unfurnished with every convenience." An advertisement in a daily morning paper recommends mothers to send their progeny to a commodious boarding school, where there is "no entrance required;" and at last Bartholomew fair, which was rife with orthographical curiosities, a showman invited you to view "an animated likeness of Greenacre, taken after he was hung."

To the eye of Faith, and of Science too, which without faith is but a catalogue of names, every grain of dust is surrounded with its own coloured and life-sustaining atmosphere, and turns on the poles of a principle, that is, of a life governed by a law.

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This magnificent and interesting event is described and illustrated in the following Numbers of the MIRROR:—

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